

# Picture Plays May Take the Pledge And Swear Off Cigarettes Also!

Producers to Curtail Drinking and Smoking in Photoplay Scenes in the Future.

WOULD LESSEN CRITICISM

Reformers Attack Showing of Vice and Liquor Dealers Claim Misrepresentation.

Motion pictures show a tendency to join the dry column.

Likewise there is an effort being made to curtail their proclivities in the matter of smoking cigarettes.

Much of which has been brought about by the attitude of the progressive motion picture producer to clean out the film plays and put something that has more of an idea and less of promiscuous scenery about it for the benefit of film patrons.

The charge has been made not by the censorship agitators, but the liquor dealers that the film is misrepresenting places where liquor is sold. The reformers who would smother the showing of things as they are and would have Julius Caesar die a natural death on the screen because it is bad form to show a murder to children—these reformers have protested against the showing of the interior of places where liquor is sold for much the same reason.

But the most vigorous protest against almost everything in motion pictures, beginning with a strenuous denunciation of pictures as pictures, comes from the liquor dealers. The Lasky company has been accused by one of the big associations of liquor men of being paid by the prohibition interests to show saloons on the screen as the lowest sort of dives. The charge is, of course, absurd.

**Saloons Decreased.**  
Statistics gathered by thoughtful ministers and social service workers who are doing their utmost to encourage photoplay production show that the number of saloons has decreased throughout the country very largely in proportion to the increase in motion picture theaters. This may or may not show the animus behind the charge.

But the fact that there has been a charge has been sufficient to make some of the producers take notice and to give orders to cut out the saloon, dive, and cigarette smoking as much as possible in photoplay scenic displays. They all are interested in reducing to a minimum everything that can possibly bring pictures into disrepute.

A sample of the way the thing is being done is shown in an order sent to the directors of the Universal company by General Manager Joe Brant. Mr. Brant advises: "There are a great many instances where men in their homes are seen smoking cigarettes or cigars, where the action of the picture would be just as interesting, just as forceful, and just as impressive, and would get over just as well, if the participants did not resort to the use of tobacco in any of its forms."

"Very often we find a situation where a person takes a drink before starting in to do some work which has no vital bearing either in that scene or in the plot."

"If we can keep down this promiscuous use of both liquor and tobacco, we will be doing away with an obnoxious, undesirable and otherwise unnecessary trend of affairs."

**Menace To Safety.**  
There is quite some excitement in the town of Newport, Ky., which has the virtue of being separated by a large and muddy river from the city of Cincinnati.

Mothers must not park baby carriages in the entrance courts of Newport's motion picture theaters! The commissioner of public safety has advised, and any mother or nursemaid found violating the regulation will be severely punished.

It appears that the parking of baby carriages has become a menace to the safety of the patrons of the theaters in case of fire. There are many of them! The good women of Newport insist on the right to park their baby carriages where they please. And the war is on.

Lila May Chester, who will be remembered by readers of The Times as having an important part in the production of "The Million Dollar Mystery," as a photoplay, has left the Thalhouser company, and will be introduced as a star by the World Film Corporation in a number of new plays. Miss Chester is a native of Richmond, Va.

G. M.

**TODAY'S BEST FILMS**

By GARDNER MACK.

Richard Buhler and Rosetta Price in "The Gods of Fate" (V. L. S. E. Lubin), the Garden, 423 Ninth street.

Tyrone Power and Kathryn Williams in "Thou Shalt Not Cover" (Solig), the Strand, Ninth and D streets.

Pauline Frederick in "The Spider" (Famous Players), the Leader, Ninth, between E and F streets.

Hobart Bosworth in "The Target" (Universal-Red Feather), the Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

Jane Cowl, in "The Garden of Lies," the Hippodrome, Ninth street and New York avenue.

King Baggott in "Hoax House" (Imp), the Alhambra, 519 Seventh street.

Marie Dore and Elliott Dexter in "Diplomacy," adapted from the play by Victorien Sardou (Famous Players), Loew's Columbia, Twelfth and P streets.

Alice Brady in "The Woman in 47" (World Film Corporation), Crandall's Apollo, 621 H street north-east.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "A Man and His Soul" (Metro), the Home Theater, Twelfth and C streets north-east.

Note—These selections are made from programs prepared by the managers of the theaters concerned, and no responsibility is assumed for arbitrary changes without notice to The Times. They are based on the personality of the players and the producing company, and not on personal inspection, except in special cases.



LILA MAY CHESTER, a Richmond, Va., girl, who was one of the leading actresses in the "Million Dollar Mystery" photoplay, and is about to appear here as a World Film Corporation star.

## THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.  
Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover," "Syrta From the Saddle," Etc.  
Novellized from the Faith Photo Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey.  
(Copyright, 1915, by Albert Payson Terhune.)

### (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Cursed with a red circle birthmark of crime, June Travis, a member of a race of crooks, is confronted with a difficult problem in Sam Eagan, who shows her secret, and threatens to disclose it unless kept in hiding. June, who is lured to commit benevolent crime when the red circle appears on her hand, aids the employees of the Farwell Corporation by robbing Silas Farwell and distributing the money among the laborers. A clue leads Max Lamar, crime specialist, in love with June, to her house, where he sees Sam Eagan at the attic window. In a terrible struggle between the two men, June saves the life of Lamar, who crosses-examines her.

But his emotion gets the better of him, and he finds himself plunging into her cage as the old story.

Even his inadvertent discovery that she is the perpetrator of the red circle crimes fails to dampen his ardor, and he promises to protect her.

Then, using a clever ruse, he imprisons his only guard, a policeman, in a closet and attempts to escape.

(Continued from Yesterday.)  
B EFORE he could look outward through the open casement to learn at what height he might be from the ground, the two pursuing men bore down upon him.

They seized him, roughly, and at once they found they had tackled a man they could not subdue.

Sam, tearing free, glanced about for some weapon with which he could hammer his way past them and to the distant stairs.

Close beside him on a desk was the hall telephone. He caught up the heavy instrument, wrenching it loose from its green cord and swung it menacingly above his head.

The doctor and the orderly recoiled before the words of threat. But just then a new actor appeared on the scene.

The pounding on the closet door had attracted the nurse, and she had released the imprisoned policeman. And he came forward, at high speed, yearning to recapture the crook who had so easily fooled him.

**STOP DANDRUFF!**  
HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL

Girls! Draw a cloth through your hair and double its beauty.

Spend 25 cents! Dandruff vanishes and hair stops coming out.

To be possessed of a head of fluffy, beautiful hair, soft, lustrous, heavy, wavy, and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair. Lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed, and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness, and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair, but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp.

The patrolman was a born fighter; and, moreover, he was smarting for revenge. Without a second's hesitation he sprang at Eagan. Down went the telephone instrument, swinging with all the brute strength of Sam's right arm. The blow, fairly landing, would have meant a fractured skull at the very least.

But the patrolman had spent his boyhood on the water front. He knew every move in a rough-and-tumble barroom fight. And he was not to be felled like a stupid ox.

He charged at Eagan. Down crashed the telephone. And, almost in midair, the policeman checked his own advance, stepping swiftly backward. The weapon, its distance miscalculated, whizzed harmlessly through the air, cutting a path fully six inches in front of the bluecoat's face.

Before Sam could recover from that smashing blow the policeman dived in and grappled him. The doctor and the orderly crowded forward to reinforce the officer's attack. The nurse's screams were bringing other men on the run from all part of the building.

Sam, with the true building instinct, realized his peril. There was but one chance of escape. And he must take that chance, without stopping to calculate its per centage.

Putting all his strength into one tremendous heave of body and arms he wriggled free from the policeman. As the latter instantly darted at him again, Sam wheeled around and sprang out through the open window just behind him.

The window was one hundred and thirty-two feet above the ground. And beneath it was a cement pavement.

"Smiling Sam" Eagan had fought his last fight.

He was stone dead before the first

**Got Rid of My Corns With Magic "Gets-It"**

Simplest Corn Cure In the World—No Pain, No Fuss, New, Sure Way.

When corns make you blanch "die with your boots on" when you've soaked, picked, and sliced them, when corn-swalling salves, and tapes, bandages, and plasters that make corns pop-eyed have only made your corns grow faster, just hold your heart a moment and figure this: Put two drops of "Gets-It" on the corn. It dries at once. You can put your shoe and stocking on right over it. The corn is doomed. It makes the corn come off clear and clean. It's the new, easy way. Nothing to stick or press on the corn. You can wear smaller shoes. You'll be a joy-walker. No pain, no trouble. Accept no substitutes.

"Gets-It" is sold by druggists everywhere, 25¢ a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Washington and vicinity by O'Donnell's Drug Store, People's Drug Store, and P. G. Affleck—Advt.

**The Only Credit House at Cash Prices**

Head-to-Foot Outfitters for the Entire Family

H. ABRAMSON, At Abramson's Corner 7th and L Sts. N. W.

gaping attendant could reach the silent and bend above him.

Among those who gathered around the shapeless heap was Max Lamar, who, returning from June's home, had decided to stop at the hospital for a word with the prisoner. The word was never spoken.

The patrolman, recognizing Lamar, hastened to tell him the tale of the battle, omitting merely his own imprisonment in the closet.

"The chief had just been here, too," finished the officer. "Sam had sent for him about the Red Circle woman and—"

Max waited to hear no more. Leaving the policeman in the middle of a sentence he set off at a swinging stride for the Travis home. Clearly, no time was to be lost.

Mary had persuaded June to leave the library where everything spoke so eloquently of the bitter scene with Lamar. The nurse had led the weeping girl out into the garden. There, seated beside her on a light rustic bench, Mary was trying vainly to comfort her.

And there Mrs. Travis joined them, eager to talk over the capture of Sam and to ask what Lamar had had to say to June in the library. She attributed the girl's tears to excitement and reaction after the fight in the hall above.

Mary, as best she could, sought to save June from answering the torrent of questions and to turn the tide of Mrs. Travis' conversation. Presently something occurred to make this kindly effort no longer necessary.

Yvonne was ushering two men into the garden. June recognized them as Chief Allen and Farwell. And her heart stood still. Yet, straightening herself, she forced a careless smile to her white lips and stepped forward to greet the victors.

"Good day, Miss Travis," began the chief, awkwardly holding out his hand as he spoke. "You'll excuse us for intruding won't you. You see, we—"

He paused. June had accepted his proffered hand. He held her fingers in

his for a moment peering down at the back of the little hand that lay in his own. Farwell also stared woefully at her hand.

But no circle rewarded their keen examination. The lack of June's hand was white and unmarked. From her right hand they glanced at her left. That, too, was spotless. The two guests looked blankly at each other.

"What can I do for you, chief?" asked June, struggling to keep her voice steady and pretending not to notice the double inspection of her hands.

"Well," stammered the chief, woefully ill at ease, "you see, it's this way, Miss Travis. 'Smiling Sam' Eagan wanted me to see you about—about the Red Circle."

"I'm afraid I can't be of very much help to you," answered the girl. "I've heard Mr. Lamar speak about the Red Circle, of course, and I read something about it, I think, in one of the papers, but that's really all I know. What did poor Sam think I—"

"Look!" shouted Farwell, in savage gloom. "Look there, chief. Look!"

When Allen had released June's right hand the girl had allowed it to drop, carelessly, on the back of the bench. Farwell was pointing, excitedly, at it. The chief's gaze followed the direction of the stubby forefinger.

June, with a cry, thrust her hand behind her. But not before both men had seen the Red Circle begin to gleam through the soft whiteness of its flesh.

"The Red Circle!" exclaimed Chief Allen.

He took a step toward the girl. Her nerve going to pieces, she screamed and fled into the house. At the chief's

next step he found himself confronted by Mary.

The old woman, eyes ablaze, had snatched up the light bench and was brandishing it wildly.

"You lay one finger on my precious baby, Mr. Chief," she snarled, like an angry cat, "and I'll brain you with this!"

The men, unheeding, made as though to push past her toward the house. She flung herself straight across their path. And, in their onward scramble, they stumbled over it.

As they gathered themselves up they saw Mary vanish into the house in the wake of June. The chief—yelling to Farwell to watch the house from the outside—ran in pursuit.

June had fled upstairs. And, halfway up the stairway, Mary was holding aloft a wicker chair.

"You keep back!" she shrieked fiercely to the chief. "Keep back or—"

She hurled the chair full at him as he started to ascend the stairs. And she fled to the upper landing. There, again, with her bare hands this time, she attacked him. He gently thrust to one side the scratching, buffeting old woman and continued his pursuit.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

**His Little Surprise.**

Fair Hostess (entertaining wounded soldier)—And so one "Jack Johnson" buried dead, and the next dug you up again and landed you on the top of a barn! Now, what were your feelings?

Tommy—If you'll believe me, ma'am, I was never more surprised in all my life.

—Punch.

**REAPING BENEFIT**

From the Experience of Washington People.

We are fortunate indeed to be able to profit by the experience of our neighbors. The public utterances of Washington residents on the following subject will interest and benefit many of our readers. Read this statement. No better proof can be had.

D. H. Zirkle, Lieut. City Fire Dept., 2020 14th St. S. E., Washington, says: "I caught cold in my kidneys a year ago, and it caused back-ache. When I first got up in the morning, I had lameness and soreness in the small of my back. Throughout the day there was a heavy, dull pain in my kidneys. I was troubled by too frequent action of my kidneys, especially at night, and I suffered from severe headaches. I had used Doan's Kidney Pills before with success, so I again got some from Haines' Drug Store. Three boxes cured me."

Price, 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Lieut. Zirkle. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

—Advt.

**Along the Apache Trail of Arizona**

Exquisite Scenery  
Oldest Highway in America  
via Roosevelt Dam

**Got Rid of My Corns With Magic "Gets-It"**

Simplest Corn Cure In the World—No Pain, No Fuss, New, Sure Way.

When corns make you blanch "die with your boots on" when you've soaked, picked, and sliced them, when corn-swalling salves, and tapes, bandages, and plasters that make corns pop-eyed have only made your corns grow faster, just hold your heart a moment and figure this: Put two drops of "Gets-It" on the corn. It dries at once. You can put your shoe and stocking on right over it. The corn is doomed. It makes the corn come off clear and clean. It's the new, easy way. Nothing to stick or press on the corn. You can wear smaller shoes. You'll be a joy-walker. No pain, no trouble. Accept no substitutes.

"Gets-It" is sold by druggists everywhere, 25¢ a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Washington and vicinity by O'Donnell's Drug Store, People's Drug Store, and P. G. Affleck—Advt.

**The Skill of Man combined with The Wonders of Nature has made possible this marvelous achievement**

Comfortable Side Trip from Bowie, Ariz., en route California

Write for Illustrated Booklet "Along the Apache Trail of Arizona"

Highest Class Trains New York-New Orleans Limited Sunset Limited Other fast daily trains

Tourist Sleeping Cars without change Personal Conductors Apply Washington-Sunset Route OFFICES: 211 G St., 705 15th St. A. J. POSTON, Gen'l Agt. Washington, D. C.

next step he found himself confronted by Mary.

The old woman, eyes ablaze, had snatched up the light bench and was brandishing it wildly.

"You lay one finger on my precious baby, Mr. Chief," she snarled, like an angry cat, "and I'll brain you with this!"

The men, unheeding, made as though to push past her toward the house. She flung herself straight across their path. And, in their onward scramble, they stumbled over it.

As they gathered themselves up they saw Mary vanish into the house in the wake of June. The chief—yelling to Farwell to watch the house from the outside—ran in pursuit.

June had fled upstairs. And, halfway up the stairway, Mary was holding aloft a wicker chair.

"You keep back!" she shrieked fiercely to the chief. "Keep back or—"

She hurled the chair full at him as he started to ascend the stairs. And she fled to the upper landing. There, again, with her bare hands this time, she attacked him. He gently thrust to one side the scratching, buffeting old woman and continued his pursuit.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

**His Little Surprise.**

Fair Hostess (entertaining wounded soldier)—And so one "Jack Johnson" buried dead, and the next dug you up again and landed you on the top of a barn! Now, what were your feelings?

Tommy—If you'll believe me, ma'am, I was never more surprised in all my life.

—Punch.

**REAPING BENEFIT**

From the Experience of Washington People.

We are fortunate indeed to be able to profit by the experience of our neighbors. The public utterances of Washington residents on the following subject will interest and benefit many of our readers. Read this statement. No better proof can be had.

D. H. Zirkle, Lieut. City Fire Dept., 2020 14th St. S. E., Washington, says: "I caught cold in my kidneys a year ago, and it caused back-ache. When I first got up in the morning, I had lameness and soreness in the small of my back. Throughout the day there was a heavy, dull pain in my kidneys. I was troubled by too frequent action of my kidneys, especially at night, and I suffered from severe headaches. I had used Doan's Kidney Pills before with success, so I again got some from Haines' Drug Store. Three boxes cured me."

Price, 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Lieut. Zirkle. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

—Advt.

**Along the Apache Trail of Arizona**

Exquisite Scenery  
Oldest Highway in America  
via Roosevelt Dam

**Got Rid of My Corns With Magic "Gets-It"**

Simplest Corn Cure In the World—No Pain, No Fuss, New, Sure Way.

When corns make you blanch "die with your boots on" when you've soaked, picked, and sliced them, when corn-swalling salves, and tapes, bandages, and plasters that make corns pop-eyed have only made your corns grow faster, just hold your heart a moment and figure this: Put two drops of "Gets-It" on the corn. It dries at once. You can put your shoe and stocking on right over it. The corn is doomed. It makes the corn come off clear and clean. It's the new, easy way. Nothing to stick or press on the corn. You can wear smaller shoes. You'll be a joy-walker. No pain, no trouble. Accept no substitutes.

"Gets-It" is sold by druggists everywhere, 25¢ a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Washington and vicinity by O'Donnell's Drug Store, People's Drug Store, and P. G. Affleck—Advt.

**The Skill of Man combined with The Wonders of Nature has made possible this marvelous achievement**

Comfortable Side Trip from Bowie, Ariz., en route California

Write for Illustrated Booklet "Along the Apache Trail of Arizona"

Highest Class Trains New York-New Orleans Limited Sunset Limited Other fast daily trains

Tourist Sleeping Cars without change Personal Conductors Apply Washington-Sunset Route OFFICES: 211 G St., 705 15th St. A. J. POSTON, Gen'l Agt. Washington, D. C.

## CATARRH A BLOOD DISEASE

Drive It From Your System.

Because Catarrh affects the nose and throat, causing sores in the nostrils, stoppage of air passages, and gathering in the throat, it has been common practice to treat Catarrh with salves, washes, and sprays applied to these parts. This mode of treatment cannot give permanent relief, and is liable to aggravate the trouble. Catarrh cannot be trifled with. If allowed to run on it will disease the bronchial tubes, settle on the lungs, and affect the stomach—indeed it is a very serious disease. Don't treat it locally. The one treatment that has proven effective in the treatment of Catarrh is S. S. S., the greatest blood purifier and blood tonic known. It relieves the cause of Catarrh by renewing the blood, renewing its vigor, giving new life to the red blood corpuscles and stimulating the flow so that it has the vitality to throw off the poison and germs from the system. It is literally a blood bath. You quickly feel results. Headaches disappear; the gathering in the throat stops, the nostrils heal. S. S. S. is a natural blood tonic and has proven effective in the treatment of all blood affections, eczema, tetter, rash, scrofula. Get S. S. S. at your druggist's. If you need expert advice write the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Advt.

The men, unheeding, made as though to push past her toward the house. She flung herself straight across their path. And, in their onward scramble, they stumbled over it.

As they gathered themselves up they saw Mary vanish into the house in the wake of June. The chief—yelling to Farwell to watch the house from the outside—ran in pursuit.

June had fled upstairs. And, halfway up the stairway, Mary was holding aloft a wicker chair.

"You keep back!" she shrieked fiercely to the chief. "Keep back or—"

She hurled the chair full at him as he started to ascend the stairs. And she fled to the upper landing. There, again, with her bare hands this time, she attacked him. He gently thrust to one side the scratching, buffeting old woman and continued his pursuit.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

**His Little Surprise.**

Fair Hostess (entertaining wounded soldier)—And so one "Jack Johnson" buried dead, and the next dug you up again and landed you on the top of a barn! Now, what were your feelings?

Tommy—If you'll believe me, ma'am, I was never more surprised in all my life.

—Punch.

**REAPING BENEFIT**

From the Experience of Washington People.

We are fortunate indeed to be able to profit by the experience of our neighbors. The public utterances of Washington residents on the following subject will interest and benefit many of our readers. Read this statement. No better proof can be had.

D. H. Zirkle, Lieut. City Fire Dept., 2020 14th St. S. E., Washington, says: "I caught cold in my kidneys a year ago, and it caused back-ache. When I first got up in the morning, I had lameness and soreness in the small of my back. Throughout the day there was a heavy, dull pain in my kidneys. I was troubled by too frequent action of my kidneys, especially at night, and I suffered from severe headaches. I had used Doan's Kidney Pills before with success, so I again got some from Haines' Drug Store. Three boxes cured me."

Price, 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Lieut. Zirkle. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

—Advt.

**Along the Apache Trail of Arizona**

Exquisite Scenery  
Oldest Highway in America  
via Roosevelt Dam

**Got Rid of My Corns With Magic "Gets-It"**